

# THE BEACON

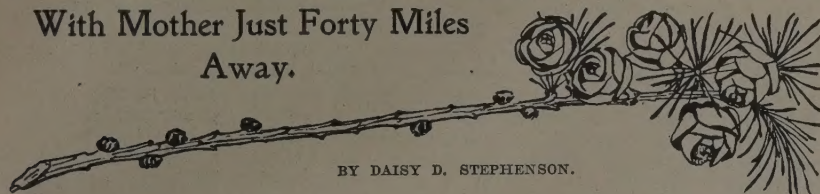
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 32

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## With Mother Just Forty Miles Away.



BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

NOTHING of the sort had ever occurred in the Berry household before. It had come like a bolt from the blue, and in the face of so unexpected an emergency the three young Berrys, whose conversational powers were unlimited as a rule, appeared to be stricken dumb. Jack eyed Peggy questioningly, and Peggy looked helplessly at Ruth, the youngest of the trio. Ruth broke the spell by observing wisely, "Well, isn't it lucky we're big and not afraid!"

Coming from this plump little philosopher it was amusing to Peggy and Jack, who bubbled over, and lo! the silence was broken, the strain relieved.

"Of course we can manage," exclaimed Peggy, feeling very confident all at once. "Just because we were never left minus both parents at the same time we needn't get panicky. It was simply that Mother was so sure Miss Jane would come the minute Jack went after her. She thought Miss Jane could housekeep for us till she gets home, and she's sure Uncle Dave will finish his cattle-buying and be back at the ranch by Monday. So we'll be orphans only two or three days, after all."

"And then poor Miss Jane had to fall down the steps and sprain her back and have her niece come and stay with her," piped up Ruth. "Anyway, Mother won't know we're alone, so she won't worry."

Reminded of a favorite childhood ditty, Jack at once chanted in a nasal tone that sent his sisters off on a gale of giggles:

"Oh, Jane had a lame tame crane,  
Oh, Jane had a crane that was lame;  
Go, gentle Jane, feed the lame tame crane,  
Feed it and go home again."

"Only it's poor Miss Jane that's lame this time," remarked Peggy, and after a good laugh the clouds that had gathered at the realization of their orphaned condition—Father was away in the next county holding court—melted away as if by magic, and the merry Berrys rose to the occasion like corks on water.

"We've never been left to our own resources before," reflected Peggy, "so we'll show Mother she can depend on us. I vote that we don't ask any one to come and stay with us." Instantly Jack and Ruth put in their votes to the same effect. "Thank goodness, the house is clean and to-morrow is Friday," Peggy went on cheerfully. "Mother had supper all planned, so all we have to do is to eat."

"Sounds easy and interesting," remarked Jack. "It was nice of Aunt Maggie to delay her spell of indigestion till after-

noon. The message came so Mother caught the four o'clock train up the canyon, and I won't be experimented on before breakfast," he ended, with a twinkle.

"My cooking won't seem so bad if you work up an appetite," said Peggy, quietly. "Besides, Ruth and I might vote you in as cook. You're always bragging about the flapjacks you make when the Scouts go camping. I've never had a sample," she told the uneasy Jack, demurely, "so"—

"Nothing stirring," he assured her firmly. "Monkeying with a stove and cooking over a camp fire are two very different stunts. By the way," his tone was wheedling now, "you girls won't mind if I go with the troop on a hike up Lookout, Saturday, for the day?" He was so eager that Peggy had to keep him in suspense a minute.

"I don't think we can possibly get along without you," she said in the politely regretful tone of a mere acquaintance. "How can you bear to leave us? Something might happen to two lone girls on the outskirts of town." Then she dimpled at Ruth, "Shall we vote on it?"

"Help!" appealed Jack, feebly. The Berrys had a time-honored custom of voting on everything debatable from the kind of jam for supper to the variety of seeds for their garden. To Jack's vast relief the girls were not heartless and there was a unanimous vote in his favor.

"But you have to do your chores," warned Peggy. "Ruth and I have the burden of the house, and you have to do your share."

Jack was justly indignant. "As if you need to tell a Scout that!" he exclaimed in scorn. "Now let's take a sight-seeing trip into the pantry," he suggested. "I'm hollow to my heels. Didn't I smell crullers?"

"The jar is full of fat ones," laughed Peggy, leading the way with a novel feeling of authority. "But don't be greedy. The supply never equals the demand when you start on crullers. A cruller will have to do till supper."

"I see where starvation wipes me slowly out of sight," muttered Jack, biting mournfully into the delicious bit allowed him. Supper was soon prepared, the chores done, and at bedtime, with a sense of great responsibility, Jack went the round of doors and windows. His father had considered him trustworthy enough to be permitted a gun on his birthday, and of all the boy's treasures,

this was the most precious. So with his weapon at the side of his cot, ready for any emergency, Jack retired, resolved to sleep with one eye open in order to protect his helpless sisters at all costs. However, one cannot overcome the habits of a lifetime in one night, and his sleep was as sound-proof as usual. He did not hear Peggy prowling about in the wee small hours when a wind came up and rattled things spookily. It was with a humiliated feeling of having snored at the post of duty that Jack was roused by Ruth next morning. After calling him as often as she deemed necessary she resorted to the simple method of holding a wet sponge to his nose, with immediate results.

"Suffering spiders!" complained Jack, sitting bolt upright and blinking at the sun. Then he missed his gun. "Peggy got it in the night," giggled Ruth. "She was afraid you would shoot yourself in a nightmare." This was as wormwood to the protector of the helpless, but Peggy was too engrossed in breakfast and getting ready for school to tease.

"It's simply beyond me to get three things ready at once," she sighed as the chocolate took advantage of her and boiled over the minute she looked away. The eggs were too soft and the toast too hard, but the hungry Berrys were not critical. They voted on strawberry jam, and the doughnuts proved to be life-savers in fact as well as in appearance. Things seemed fiendishly determined to go wrong, and by bedtime that night it seemed as if Mother had been absent a month, and that instead of being forty miles away, there were an extra pair of ciphers hitched on. Besides, the cupboard was fast becoming as bare as the one belonging to Dame Mother Hubbard.

"Glad to-morrow's Saturday," remarked Jack, "or we'd faint away in school. And I've already tightened my belt. I wish Mrs. Winters would ask us to breakfast, because I'd like to feel extra strong for the hike."

Peggy made a face at him. Mrs. Winters was their nearest neighbor up the road. "She just came home from a visit to her daughter," volunteered Ruth, "so she doesn't know we're orphans."

"Suppose you make some of your famous pancakes," suggested Peggy, soberly, but Jack declined hastily, reminding his sisters that oatmeal couldn't scorch in the fireless cooker, a friend they had quite overlooked.

At school that day the teachers had reminded the children of the observance of Mother's Day the following Sunday. Ruth's class had learned a song to be sung during the church service, and Peggy's class had been chosen to give out carnations to all in attendance. As Saturday morning wore away the girls felt depressed and forlorn. There seemed no end to the odd jobs so easily achieved by Mother. Ruth cut her thumb, and Peggy



dropped the big cooker stone on her toe. Jack, a rank deserter, had gone whistling away with the Scouts, promising to be back in time to keep the bogie-man at bay.

"We will surely hear from Mother to-day," Peggy said consolingly. "But think of Mother's Day without our Mother!" she sighed. Then, resolved to be cheerful at all events, she suggested, "Let's try some of Mother's recipes. And we must get some groceries for over Sunday. We can fry ham and potatoes and open a can of beets. Then with sliced bananas"—

Ruth sighed involuntarily. This did not sound like one of Mother's regular Sunday dinners, where layer cake or juicy pie was sure to be the end of a perfect meal.

"Let's make a cherry pie," she pleaded, to Peggy's horror.

"It takes more than two Berrys to make a pie," jested Peggy, but Ruth was not discouraged. "Mrs. Winters will help us make the crust. We can take things over for her to measure." When Peggy remembered that she had once achieved an edible cake Ruth urged recklessly, "Let's make both!" and argued, "Wouldn't Mother be surprised to come home and find a cocoanut cake and a cherry pie for Sunday?"

"She certainly would," Peggy said with conviction; then with the feeling of one ready to burn her bridges she agreed: "We'll make it unanimous. We'll have a real adventure in cookery, but it isn't a bad idea to get Mrs. Winters's opinion as to whether the dough is too thin or too thick." So, armed with bowls and pans containing their experiments in an unfinished state, the girls left home for a brief absence. In that little half-hour two things happened.

The telephone jingled incessantly for a time, then relapsed into silence. A substitute postman came along and stuck a letter into the old box on the porch post, whereas the regular man always obligingly put the mail inside the screen door, or, if the door was unlatched, threw it in the hall.

Ruth and Peggy returned too excited and absorbed in popping their efforts into the oven to look for mail, though Ruth did feel disappointed later when she looked hopefully out the front door. But great was the reward of the persevering amateur cooks when a feather-light cake and a brown crinkly-edged pie oozing red juice from its middle were placed admiringly on the table.

"I'm so proud, I want more worlds to conquer!" exclaimed Ruth, strutting about, peacock-fashion. "I'm going to try biscuits for supper! I do wish language wasn't so weak. Mother will never be able to imagine how nice our baking was, whereas if she could see with her own eyes"—

"Yum-yum!" A familiar voice made them start as the door opened to reveal Jack's roguish face. "Ef my old nose don't tell me lies, 'pears like I smell cherry pies!" he misquoted appreciatively. "Guess what I've got!" He held his hands behind him tantalizingly.

From past experiences Peggy replied indifferently, "Oh, it might be anything from a horned toad to a sample of ore!"

With dancing eyes Jack held out four fine speckled trout. "Caught 'em myself," he declared, adding, as they smiled skeptically, "prove it by the Scoutmaster. And I can fry fish to a queen's taste," he boasted modestly. "Get the frying-pan and some corn meal and I'll show you."

"Biscuits and trout and cherry pie! Oh me, oh my!" Ruth whirled about excitedly between Peggy and Jack, who were too busy to wink, after that. It was a great moment for the young chefs when the trout, crisp and appetizing, waited on the platter for the tempting crusty biscuit, and supper was pronounced ready. "Only we've got to have jelly with those biscuits," vowed Peggy, making for the fruit-closet. "Let's vote!"

"Grape!" shouted Ruth and Jack, drowning out Peggy's meek "Apple." Just as they sat down to their feast the door-bell rang. It was dark, so the girls followed their protector through the hall. But when he opened the door who should step in but Mother!

The welcome she received was nothing short of royal, and with all three relating everything that had transpired in her absence she was fairly carried to the table. "I tried to get you by phone," she explained, "but there was no reply, so I decided to surprise you. Oh, how good it is to be home! And did you really cook this wonderful supper?" Smiling into the radiant faces, she enjoyed every bit of the meal. "But if I had guessed you were here alone"—There was such motherly distress in her dear face that the independent trio talked fast and eloquently to prove how satisfactorily their venture had turned out. Then at bedtime there was another unexpected arrival.

To the unbounded delight of all, the person hammering away at the door as boldly as the police proved merely to be Father, very tired, and exceedingly glad to be at home with his family again. "Didn't you get my letter to-day?" he asked as he observed their evident surprise. The girls shook their heads, but Jack, with the skill of a detective, traced the letter to its secret place in the mailbox and appeared waving it in triumph.

"I've heard that a woman walks two miles every day just getting the meals," yawned Peggy, as she and Ruth started up to bed. "I know I've traveled half-way round the globe the past three days."

"Uh-huh," Ruth yawned back. "But won't it be a glee-orious Mother's Day now? A regular Berry jubilee and reunion, and Mother's good dinner, too!"

"Now you're talking," approved Jack, from the doorway. "I shan't sleep a wink for thinking of the kind of breakfast mother makes!"

Mother roused sufficiently to hurl a pillow at him. With mild sarcasm she inquired, "Aren't you thankful Father is home to protect us without your having to do guard duty at night?" Then all three chorused a happy "Good-night" as Mother called up the usual "Pleasant dreams, children!"

"You seem fond of the druggist's little boy."

"Yes, he kin git all the pills he wants fer our air guns."

## The "Mother Gap."

BY RUTH EASTMAN.

OUR house is small, there's such a lot Of our big, noisy crew  
You'd think sometimes that like as not We'd burst the sides right through.  
And when there's visitors, you know (There is most every day),  
We pack so tight it seems as though There'd be no place to play.  
So far the house has stood all right Without the least mishap;  
But we are in a dreadful plight When there's a "mother gap."  
We run and play when she is here, We don't see her each minute,  
But all the house seems large and queer When Mother isn't in it.  
The rooms are empty, large, and still, And everything looks wrong,  
And play or study as we will, The day is ages long.  
Now if our house were twice as small We wouldn't care a rap;  
Why just a tent would suit us all That had no "mother gap."

## The Hooded Boat on Windymere.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

### CHAPTER THREE.

THEY followed the way the hooded boat had gone, but they had lost it among the winding channels. They gave up the hopeless search and spent the afternoon with Joe, rowing about among his islands where the sheep were.

It was sunset when they all came up across the field to the little house on the hill. Dr. Kenton and his wife were out in the garden looking at something on the ground in front of them. Bab stared as she came near enough to see that the something was a small basket.

"It's Snowball's basket!" she shouted. "O Mother—Daddy, has somebody brought back Snowball?"

"Why, we haven't had time to look in the basket. A man in a big automobile just handed it out to us and went off down the road like a flash. And this other basket came with it."

Mother pointed to a second basket to which was tied a card with something written on it in pencil. Bab had gone down on her knees beside Snowball's basket. She uttered a cry of joy as she found the chicken safe and alive inside.

"And here's somebody else with him," she exclaimed, showing them a little downy gray bird cuddled in the cotton at the bottom of the basket.

"This other basket has got something alive in it too," announced Olink. "Sounds just like a hen, but how could there be a hen in a basket so little as that? And it says on this card 'For the girl who lost her chicken in the pond.'"

Bab unfastened the cover of the other basket, which was only a size larger than the first one. The cover flew up, and out hopped a brisk bantam hen right into Bab's lap.

"Oh, the darling!" cried Bab, catching her new pet between her hands—a performance which the little hen did not object to at all. Probably she was used to being petted. She jumped down presently and began to scratch in the soft



dirt of the garden, clucking all the while as if calling her chickens.

Bab laughed as Snowball in his basket answered with a shrill cheep and the strange gray bird began to flutter and hop. She put them both on the ground and they ran to the little hen and began hunting about in the dirt.

"She's going to take care of them; thinks they're hers," said Daddy, with a laugh. "See here, I believe that little gray thing is a young quail. They learn to run in the grass before they fly, and some one picked this little fellow up and kept him for a pet."

Sailor Joe, who had slipped across to his own house at the other side of the orchard, came trudging back with a small coop for the hen and her two oddly matched babies. Of course they could only guess how Snowball had been rescued and sent back in this way by automobile.

"If the hooded boat picked up that basket, it was pretty sly about it," commented Val. "It never stopped going, for I had my eye on it all the time."

"Here's something else in the bottom of the biggest basket." Clink held up four small pink tickets each bearing one word in large print.

The word was "Lecture," and underneath in smaller print was the date and place: "Kingsdale City Hall, July 20th."

Kingsdale was the nearest city, a pretty place, and the home of Aunt Marion Kenton, who had spoken for a visit from the four young people as soon as they arrived at the new home on the hill.

"To-morrow is the twentieth," cried Phillis. "Can't we go over on the trolley in the afternoon and be in time for the lecture in the evening? The pink tickets are a clue to all these mysteries, as likely as not."

"I'll take a lot of explaining to straighten everything out," muttered Val. "What do you suppose the lecture is about? Well, of course Aunt Marion will know."

When they arrived at Kingsdale next day they found that Aunt Marion did not know, though she had one of those pink tickets herself.

"My nearest neighbor rushed in and gave it to me right after luncheon. Said she couldn't use it herself because she had had a chance to motor down to King's Beach to stay the night. I've been away four days. I haven't had time to find out what's going on at City Hall, but we'll go along and see."

They were a little late at the lecture, and the hall was dark when they came in except for the lighted screen at one end where moving pictures were being shown. As they groped their way to their seats a large and lifelike owl appeared on the screen with a woodland scene in the background. The quiet voice of the lecturer came out of the dark, explaining that this was the great horned owl and that the mass of twigs and sticks high up in a yellow birch was its nest.

Next a stretch of sea-beach appeared, with waves creaming up high on the sands and gulls wheeling and flying all about. A boy sitting back to the audience was watching the big birds through a glass. The wind was ruffling his mop of hair, and the eyes of the four Kentons



Home-love.

**M**OTHER, fold me to your knees:  
How much should I care for these  
Little joys that come and go,  
If you did not love me so?

Father, now my prayer is said,  
Lay your hand upon my head:  
Pleasures pass from day to day,  
But I know that Love will stay.

While I sleep it will be near;  
I shall wake and find it here;  
I shall feel it in the air,  
When I say my morning prayer.

Love is old, and Love is new;  
You love me, and I love you;  
And the Lord who made it thus  
Did it in his love for us.

W. B. RANDS.

grew wide as they looked at him. The picture was gone before they could be sure and another appeared. It was a place they had certainly never seen before—a small river winding into the heart of a wood. Over the water some dark object was gliding along. The watchers gasped in concert as it slipped out of sight. There was no mistaking the hooded boat.

"You can easily see how useful a boat like this would be to us in getting pictures of the birds," observed the voice of the unseen lecturer.

"When we slip into some solitary place and sit still the birds forget to be afraid of that motionless black thing and they will come and pose for us in the most obliging way. It is especially useful in observing the water birds in their own haunts. Now the next picture shows my young assistant, Nicholas Towne, all ready to start on a trip by land. Our camera and the rest of the outfit makes a pretty heavy load sometimes, but Nick has a way of packing it that helps a good deal."

The four Kentons sat erect and held on to each other as the picture flashed

on the screen. There stood the mysterious boy, alert and eager, evidently waiting for some one. His expression was not as fierce as it had been when he glared down at them from the big pine, or when he chalked the order to keep still on the trunk of the beech. But they would have known him anywhere. As they watched the picture the quiet man they had seen come down from the tree stepped out and joined the boy and the two went away into the woods.

The pictures came thick and fast after that, each one more wonderful than the last. There were pictures of birds feeding their nestlings, birds standing above their nests with every little egg plainly shown, birds flying, swimming, and playing.

"You will wonder how we get them in such a bright light when the nests are hidden in the darkest jungles the builders can find," said the lecturer. "We use a mirror which throws the light just where we want it—like this."

He showed them a picture of Nicholas adjusting the mirror in a thicket.

"That's what made the lightning in the bushes," whispered Clink.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

433 HOLLADAY AVENUE,  
PORTLAND, ORE.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian church of Portland. We receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it. The girls and boys in their early teens have organized a Lend a Hand Club. At present, the girls are making aprons and the boys puzzles, scrapbooks, etc., for the Day Nursery. The first Friday of every month we meet. We eat at the church. Before each meal we say together:

"Look up, not down,  
Look forward, not back,  
Look out, not in,  
And lend a hand."

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

SERENA MORRISON.

SUMMER STREET,  
KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade in school. I joined the Beacon Club some time ago, but as I lost my button I would like to have another, if I could. I write to a girl in Dighton.

The screen was showing pictures of larger birds when the lecturer remarked: "Yesterday Nick had a great piece of luck; he got a picture of a bald eagle over on a pond they call Windymere. He climbed up in a big pine with a camera and stayed there till he got the bird in just the position he wanted him. Some other time we shall be able to show you his majesty sitting on the dead limb of an old oak. The same day while I was up the tree waiting for an oriole to come to its nest Nick got a picture of a wood duck leading her nine ducklings to water—nine fluffy balls of down slipping along in the bushes till they tumbled into a little pool among the ferns. The babies are too small yet to be trusted in the pond itself."

Val smothered a groan. "That's what the fellow was doing there by the beech tree. No wonder he was fierce! We must have come near spoiling his whole day's work."

The next picture was a song-bird's nest with four little eggs and a much larger egg lying on top of them. This larger one, the lecturer explained, was a cowbird's egg.

"The cowbird is a parasite, too lazy to build a nest for itself. So it lays its egg in the nest of smaller birds and when the young cowbird hatches out it destroys the other nestlings so as to have their rightful home all to itself. When Nick or I find a cowbird's egg in the nest of a song-bird we pick it out and drop it overboard, so that the other nestlings shall have a chance to live."

Clink nudged his brother violently. "That's what that egg was we found on the ground yesterday. And we called Nick a bird's-nest robber because he had taken it!"

The lecture ended, and the lights flashed on. The quiet man whom they

I would like to have some of the Beacon Club members write to me and I would be very glad to answer them.

My teacher's name is Mrs. Baker, and my minister's name is Rev. C. F. Andrews. I go to the Unitarian church. I have not missed a Sunday for four years.

I like the stories and puzzles in *The Beacon* very much. I have had *The Beacon* every Sunday since I began to go to Sunday school.

Yours truly,

JEANNETTE PHINNEY.

LOVELAND, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—There is no Unitarian Sunday school in Loveland, so we go to the Presbyterian Sunday school. My little brother David takes *The Beacon* and Sunday evenings mother reads to us out of "God's Wonder World" and "Children of the Father." They are both very interesting. We three children fill out the blanks of "God's Wonder World" and think it fun. The stories and puzzles in *The Beacon* are also interesting. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade. I go to Terrace Park School, a few miles down the railroad.

Donald, my brother, who is seven years old, and myself would like to become members of the Beacon Club.

Your friend,

WILLIAM BRIDGE COOKE.

had seen in the tree was standing beside the screen, but there was no sign of Nicholas.

"Well, there's one thing about it!" Val spoke out firmly. "We've got to watch for the hooded boat all the time till we find him and tell him we didn't mean to be such a set of wooden-heads and that we won't act that way any more."

(To be continued.)

## Lovelight.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

I LOVE the sunlight so warm and bright,  
It tells of God's wonderful love;  
I love the moonlight so silvery white,  
It reminds me of angels above;  
I love the starlight that twinkles so pale,  
Like a candle at night on the stair;  
But all of these lights are certain to fail  
When the clouds and the rain fill the air.

I love the lovelight so plain to see  
In the eyes of my mother dear;  
It tells of the love of her heart for me,  
That I'm safe and I need not fear;  
For when the clouds and the storms arise  
And my heart is swept with a gale,  
I have only to take one look in her eyes  
To know that her love will not fail.

## A Great White Ship.

BY REBECCA HELMAN.

A GREAT white ship sailed from the bay  
Away for foreign lands! Away!—  
It rocked the billows of the sea,  
And slid through wave so merrily;  
It danced the breakers light as foam,  
And safe it brought its sailor home.

For Mother's lap's the great white ship;  
The rocking-chair the sea's wide dip;  
And I'm the sailor bold who lies,  
Watching the smile in mother's eyes.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 7, 6, 16, 14, is where money is coined.  
My 1, 9, 4, 4, 19, is a girl's nickname.  
My 11, 17, 8, is a domestic pet.  
My 4, 10, 12, 15, 13, is a color.  
My 19, 9, 17, 18, 19, means annually.  
My 5, 2, 1, is a rent.  
My whole is a celebration.

MARGARET COLE.

### ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 33 letters.  
My 10, 23, 25, is not thin.  
My 20, 7, 27, 33, will burn.  
My 14, 1, 23, 4, 22, 30, is a shelter.  
My 2, 17, 16, 28, 12, 5, is to hurry.  
My 26, 3, 6, 8, is not cold.  
My 31, 13, 29, 26, do not live in trees.  
My 11, 18, 21, 15, 33, is common.  
My 34, 28, 19, is to beg.  
My 9, 14, 29, 32, 3, is the final result.  
My whole is something that should be remembered.

D. H.

### TWISTED COLORS.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Lyweol. | 6. Tgmaena. |
| 2. Rueppl. | 7. Nzbreo.  |
| 3. Tagnre. | 8. Acrlite. |
| 4. Dginoi. | 9. DloEsro. |
| 5. Emrac.  | 10. Gerona. |

EDITH B. PAIGE.

### RIDDLE.

There's a certain fine, sizable fish,  
Often seen on a broad dinner dish—  
Behead him quite near  
A wharf or a pier,  
And he'll turn to another fine fish.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

### CHARADE.

My first to some seems long to last—  
By others in sweet sleep 'tis passed;  
My second oftentimes we meet  
On country road or city street;  
My whole we never can enjoy,  
If man or woman, girl or boy.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LXIII.—Warren Gamaliel Harding.

ENIGMA LXIV.—Geography.

WORD SQUARE.—

A R I D  
R I D E  
I D L E  
D E E R

PI.—See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Faint, but a work divine,  
Made so fairly well,  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute!  
A miracle of design.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, Editor.

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